

## THE MICHAEL F. HORAN MEMORIAL CUP 8-10 Years

### **The Snare**

by James Stephens

I hear a sudden cry of pain!  
There is a rabbit in a snare;  
Now I hear the cry again,  
But I cannot tell from where.

But I cannot tell from where  
He is calling out for aid;  
Crying on the frightened air,  
Making everything afraid.

Making everything afraid,  
Wrinkling up his little face,  
As he cries again for aid;  
And I cannot find the place!

And I cannot find the place  
Where his paw is in the snare;  
Little one! Oh, little one!  
I am searching everywhere.

## THE MICHAEL F. HORAN MEMORIAL CUP 8-10 Years

### The 'Veggy' Lion

By Spike Milligan

I'm a vegetarian Lion,  
I've given up all meat,  
I've given up all roaring,  
All I do is go tweet-tweet.

I never ever sink my claws  
Into some animal's skin,  
It only lets the blood run out  
And lets the germs rush in.

I used to be ferocious,  
I even tried to kill!  
But the sight of all that blood  
Made me feel quite ill.

I once attacked an Elephant,  
I sprang straight at his head.  
I woke up three days later  
In a Jungle hospital bed.

Now I just eat carrots,  
They are easier to kill,  
'Cos when I pounce upon them,  
They all remain quite still!

## THE MICHAEL F. HORAN MEMORIAL CUP 8-10 Years

### **Bear In there**

By Shel Silverstein

There's a polar bear  
In our Frigidaire--  
He likes it 'cause it's cold in there.  
With his seat in the meat  
And his face in the fish  
And his big hairy paws  
In the buttery dish,  
He's nibbling the noodles,  
He's munching the rice,  
He's slurping the soda,  
He's licking the ice.  
And he lets out a roar  
If you open the door.  
And it gives me a scare  
To know he's in there--  
That polary bear  
In our Fridgitydaire.